In the World of Women

Insight and Outsight

FIRST AID FOR PUZZLED PARENTS

A Consulting Mother Who Analyzes the Dispositions of Parents and Children and Prescribes for Both

Miriam Finn Scott Believes That a Child's Faults Begin Mostly Through the Blunders of Parents

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

MIRIAM FINN SCOTT has opened an office where distracted fathers and mothers can learn to be competent parents. She calls it "The Children's Garden."

Mothers bring to her for analysis and diagnosis sulky children, shy children, "tempery" children, lying children, stupid children, impudent children, and all other kinds of "queer" children.

Very, very often Mrs. Scott finds that the child is suffering from parent-itis. She cures the child by treating the parent.

A carpenter learns his trade. A cook follows rules. A teacher studies pedagogy. But a parent thinks he can bring up his child by instinct. Close relatives still live of the woman who said, "I guess I know all about children; I've buried eight."

WHY PARENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

A child's nature is the combined result of his heredity and his environment. A study of his heredity is important in determining his emotional make-up, his limitations and his possibilities.

But it is useless as a corrective, for heredity is finished when the child begins and can't be changed.

Environment, on the other hand, may be made detrimental or beneficial. It can aid a child's development or thwart it. Environment can even be so arranged as to correct inherited tendencies.

Parents determine a child's environment. Indeed, one may say that parents *are* a child's environment.

That is why Mrs. Scott, as consulting engineer in the science of child-raising, scrutinizes father and mother before reporting on their youthful "problems."

Occasionally a case turns up where it really isn't the child who is naughty, but the parent is. Take, for instance, the case of the boy whose father did not like to be disturbed.

This lad was surly and disobedient to his father. The father loved him tenderly, worked long hours for his sake, planned his future, and brought him gifts. In return, the boy was so unfriendly that the family happiness was ruined. The mother, in despair brought him to the Children's Garden and placed the matter in Mrs. Scott's hands.

THE BOY WHO WAS UNFRIENDLY.

The Children's Garden is something like a doctor's office—but much pleasanter. Mrs. Scott is something like a doctor—but very different.

One is reminded of a doctor's office because the house is in a neighborhood where great specialists congregate, visitors are received by appointment, and one waits one's turn in a cheerful reception room.

Mrs. Scott is like a doctor in the way she puts her visitors at ease, the gentle seriousness that takes away the personal side of very searching questions, and the scientific thoroughness with which she covers each case.

After she had talked a little while with the unfriendly boy, he lost all his self-consciousness and became interested in the things about him. Then Mrs. Scott took him and his mother into the playroom. This is a large, pleasant room containing all kinds of games and working materials.

Mrs. Scott told the unfriendly boy, who wasn't at all unfriendly with her, that he might play with anything he liked, and that he could have, to take home, anything he made out of the paper or raffia or weaving stuffs or other materials there. While he played, she watched him, although he did not realize it. Later she played with him.

Before he went home she knew his likes and his dislikes, his imagination, the quickness of his perception, his muscular coördination and his habits of mind. In some of these qualities she could judge him better than his mother could, because she could measure him against her knowledge of many, many other children.

She found him a quick, responsive, sensitive child.

Mrs. Miriam Finn Scott, the "Consulting Mother."

Then she had a long talk alone with the mother. During that consultation, she uncovered an incident that was the root of the whole trouble, advised the best method of counteracting its effects, and discussed the boy's nature till the mother came to see how to avoid such difficulties in the future.

The incident itself was so trifling a matter that no one before had thought it important. The lad's father had promised him a fountain pen as a reward. The lad had earned it. It was to be brought home a certain night. The lad planned to take it to school the next morning. He had told his schoolmates all about it. It was a triumph.

The father was a nightworker. He came home very late. He remembered to bring the pen, but he did not think of putting it in the boy's room.

Next morning when school time came father was still asleep. The boy just had to have that pen. He woke up father! Father was dog tired. He was in a rage at being waked. He told the boy what he thought of him. Father was outraged. The boy was outraged. Father forgot the incident. The boy did not forget.

The story has a happy ending. The father was a big enough person to admit that he was to blame. He apologized to his son. The two were friends again. The boy is no longer a problem.

HOW FAULTS ARE TAUGHT.

Mrs. Scott does not hold the doctrine of original sin. She does not believe that we are all born vipers. Nor does she think that we are born angels. Each of us starts as a bundle of tendencies, some of which should be encouraged and some of which should be repressed.

I thought, as she talked with me about the wonderful possibilities inherent in each child, what a fine place this world would be if one generation could be raised in such a way as to achieve its utmost capacities.

But it can't be, for babies are all trained by adults and adults themselves are very imperfect!

Nurses and teachers assist parents in the work of impressing all the good old faults into the child's plastic nature. We can't see this in our own families because we are habituated to our own faults. But when the consulting mother points them out to us they leap into the foreground with horrible distinctness.

As I walked through the park one day last spring I wished that Mrs. Scott's office could somehow cover that whole park. For there were children who were being made restless and children who were being made liars.

Little green leaves were pushing out on the trees and bushes. The lawns were saying, "Come and roll on me!" The children were agog with spring life.

One little tot in a white satin coat and a lace and rosebud bonnet was so restless in her carriage that her nurse had to take her out. She held the wiggler firmly in her lap. There are no grass stains in the nurse's lap.

What do you think that little girl did? She kicked the enamel on her lovely, lovely, costly carriage!

Near by three adorable tots over and over again started for a rocky slope. One wore blue trousers fastened high under his armpits with white saucer buttons. One wore a pink pinafore. The third was in rompers.

The clothes were charming and sensible. But the mothers feared the rocks. They held bumps and bruises. Each time the toddling expedition started from the nice, safe walk in front of the benches where the mothers sat embroidering three calls followed them:

"Come back here, or the cop will get you!"

"Come back here, or the bears will eat you!"

"Come back here, or the mosquitoes will bite you!"

Maybe one of those very mothers will come to Mrs. Scott some day, broken-hearted because her child has lied to her.

They did not mean their children any harm. They did not know that they were doing them harm. But they were manufacturing little liars. And the baby in the white satin coat, held tight in the nurse's arms, was being made into a nervous nuisance.

LOOK FOR THE CAUSE.

"Actions," says Mrs. Scott, "are signs. If you watch your child's actions intelligently you can read the nature that lies behind them. Do not punish a fault. Find qut the cause of the fault and deal with the cause."

Even when one understands the underlying theory it is difficult to apply it in concrete cases.

A peculiar understanding of children's natures and wide experience are necessary in dealing with emotionally sick children. Even the best of mothers sometimes needs help.

Not long ago a woman travelled from California to consult Mrs. Scott. Another came from a neighboring city for advice in dealing with her seven children. Since she couldn't bring so big a family with her, she brought their photographs, and had a long consultation with Mrs. Scott, taking up every side of their characters.

Sometimes the cause of the trouble is the very last the child's relatives would have thought of. It takes an observer with an outside viewpoint to detect it, let alone remedy it.

For instance, Heloise was being reared with all the care that love, plus intelligence, could give her. Mrs. Scott observed her in her home.

Heloise's health was perfect. Her meals were regular and well chosen. But Heloise had none of the healthy child's enjoyment of eating. She was capricious and fault-finding.

The nursery was perfect in ventilation and appointments. Heloise turned restlessly from toy to toy. Nothing interested her for any length of time.

The mother and the nurse never lost their patience, never ceased trying to win her with courteous, cheerful effort. Heloise was uniformly rude and ungracious. She appeared a horrid, ungrateful little chit.

WHY HELOISE WAS "BAD."

Mrs. Scott next observed her in a play group which she uses as a kind of outdoor laboratory. After a little time spent in getting acquainted Heloise was playing with all the abandon and enthusiasm of a happy, unconscious child.

The question was, Why was Heloise a good child away from home and a bad child at home?

She herself answered it. The nurse appeared. Instantly Heloise turned into a living tantrum. When Mrs. Scott succeeded in soothing her to the point of being able to speak coherently, she cried:

"She's a wicked, wicked woman! She watches me all the time!"

There it was! Heloise was having too much good bringing up! Everything was being done for her. When her developing energy sought to expend itself this way or that, nurse or mother jumped to do the thing for her.

Mrs. Scott said that Heloise needed to assume responsibilities for herself, find her own amusements and look after her own affairs. In brief, she needed a little letting alone!

This case, too, has a happy ending. Mother and nurse and Heloise are all doing well under the new ruling.

How to Economize Nerve Force

By OLIVE A. SMITH.

THE homekeeper, more than any other woman in existence, needs to make a study of the best methods of turning off work and economizing in labor and nerve-wear. Not that she should be always watching herself to see that she does not "overdo," or encourage the habit of thinking too much about "saving steps." Morbid self-consciousness in regard to these things is more wearing than the free-hearted service which is given so vigorously that the worker never thinks of herself until she has reached the point of physical exhaustion.

Self-consciousness, care and thought bestowed upon one's self are the most unfortunate habits a woman can form. The mental effort required to be continually balancing one's power of endurance with the effort to be expended is mental work which is more fatiguing than manual labor.

Worry about the prospect of "taking cold" or falling prey to microbes causes more gray hair and nervous wreckage than all the actual work done in a long period of time. Yet this morbid watching of self has nothing to do with a businesslike planning and execution of household affairs.

If we would watch the order of our own acts about the house for a few days or weeks we might be able to discover that many of the activities upon which we spend time and get tired are entirely unnecessary.

We work awkwardly. We might say that we "work backward." We work without plan or definite purpose, or we fail to gauge correctly the time we have and our ability to turn off our tasks without hurry and flurry.

GET THINGS IN ORDER.

A physician who deals primarily with the adjustment of mental conditions in his practice once gave me the best bit of psychology for homekeeping that I ever received.

I was in his employ at the time, my principal duty being the care of correspondence. One morning I sat at my desk trying to begin the day's work, but things did not go right. I lacked the proper grip on my work, and my employer soon gave me the reason.

"If your desk were in order," he remarked, "you would get along better. The mind takes its condition from the condition of its surroundings. One can never plan and execute well amid confused surroundings."

I have never forgotten that lesson. I think of it often in connection with my homekeeping, for, if women could only realize it, they have the profession which demands the finest executive ability, the highest grade of intelligence and the best control of the emotional nature of any profession open to them.

It is the cheap and selfish view of homekeeping as a work which any woman can do, or a position in which responsibilities are to be avoided, that is responsible for the decadence in home life.

BEGIN THE DAY WELL.

To work effectively, each day should be well begun. A soiled wrapper and untidy hair form an index to their owner's state of mind.

Calmness and steadiness of purpose are as necessary to the proper preparation of a breakfast or a presiding at the table as they are to the successful accomplishment of an office transaction. Lack of neatness and daintiness is a crime against family life, for it robs it of its charm.

True, it is not as great a crime as the selfishness which will have personal care at a sacrifice to others, but why is either extreme necessary?

That should be one of the chief advantages of homekeeping as a profession. It is possible to look after a proper balance of all matters of daily living because we have entire charge of the disposal of our time. I believe we can determine the capable homekeeper when we see her attack her day's work in the morning.

Of course, there are exceptions to all rules for an order of home work, but if the soiled dishes are left piled upon the table or strewn about the kitchen while she goes to cooking or to work in her garden, it is a sign that she does not have her home work well in order.

How many such housekeepers we see! Very often they work hard and accomplish a great amount of work, but their persons and their houses are always in confusion. They are usually hurried and flurried—always complaining that they have "no time to do anything."

DON'T PUT THINGS OFF!

Procrastination is one of the greatest enemies to successful homekeeping. There is something distinctly amusing in this element of human nature which leads us to put off until the last available moment something which we know it would be much better to do at the first available moment. It is a habit which causes trouble and sorrow untold.

Another working habit which is ruinous to the home is that of leaving any piece of work half done and taking up something else which appeals to our fancy.

Life's activities are a series of units. The successful rounding out of these units, attacking only that number which can be rounded out, with a liberal allowance for interruptions which always come, is the finest of fine arts.

Have you ever looked into the bedrooms of those women who have this strange tendency toward awkwardness, or "working backward" in their homes?

If you have, you know what you have seen—garments on the floor or hanging from chairs, a copious layer of dust over everything, although their owners would insist that they had "cleaned" thoroughly a short time ago.

INEFFICIENCY OF CONFUSION.

The inefficient homekeeper is always cleaning, but she is so confused in her activities that she soils and disarranges as fast as she puts in order. My mother, who was forced to maintain a home in the most primitive of surroundings and on the smallest of incomes, was often heard to remark:

"It is better to keep a house clean than to be always cleaning it!"

Translated into the language of our modern times of labor-saving household machinery and more complex life, her simple axiom would be a plea for a systematized plan in homekeeping, the kind of homekeeping that can result only from a firm faith that it is the greatest, the most beautiful and effective work which can engage a woman's efforts.

Making the Most of Pickling Days

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON.

IF "Peter Piper sold a peck of pickled peppers" it certainly must have been in September, for in no other month during the year are such tempting odors wafted from the home kitchen as at that time.

Though the shops are filled with pickled dainties of all sorts, even in the small towns, none quite equal those that are made at home.

In households where salads are used almost daily the value of the salad vinegars used by English housewives should be better realized. They are easily made and give a pleasant change of flavor to the dependable French dressing.

If the housewife is fortunate enough to have a kitchen garden of her own to draw upon she naturally will select only the best, freshest and most perfect fruits or vegetables to pickle. If, however, they must be chosen in town, then the large markets will be the only reliable place to get the things at their best.

In order to be safe and sanitary the porcelain lined kettle, the pottery casserole, the covered pipkin, or a new granite-ware kettle will be best to use for the pickled mixtures that are to be cooked. Wooden spoons and spatulas for stirring, silver knives for paring and seeding, glass bottles with new corks, glass jars with new rubbers, stone crocks and crockery pots in which to stow away the pickles will insure the best-keeping conditions.

It is needless to tell the experienced housekeeper to see that she has all things that will be needed at hand before she begins operations, but a warning to the novice may not be amiss.

A neat pile of cheesecloth squares will be found a saving of dish towels and they are easily washed out.

Everything that is to be pickled should be carefully washed before being used, no matter if it seems immaculate to the naked eye, for some hidden dust or the trail of an insect may lurk about the stem end and cause trouble.

The salad vinegars are easily made and should be bottled in white, clean, sun dried bottles. Cress and celery vinegars are made in the same way.

Take one-half ounce of cress seed, crush it, and add it to a quart of cider vinegar, cork well and let stand for a month, then strain out the seeds and it is ready for use.

With the celery seed a half cup of freshly washed and chopped celery leaves are added with the seed, but in that case they are allowed to stand but two weeks and are then carefully strained off.

Garlic vinegar is made by adding two ounces of minced garlic to a quart of cider vinegar, and the shallot vinegar is made the same way. Wine vinegar may be used if it is better liked.

Beet vinegar is made by taking three bunches of freshly boiled strawberry beets, cutting them in pieces and pouring over them a quart of white wine vinegar. Let them stand twenty-four hours, or until the vinegar is highly colored, then strain and bottle. The beets may be used at table so no waste follows the making of the vinegar.

Horseradish vinegar is a little more troublesome to make than the others. Take three ounces of freshly grated horseradish, one ounce of chopped shallots, one bud of garlic, and a saltspoon of cayenne pepper. Add them to a quart of vinegar and let stand for a month, shaking daily, then strain through a fine cloth and bottle for use.

Tarragon vinegar is made by adding a handful of fresh leaves, which may be bruised, to a quart of white wine vinegar. These should also be strained off in two or three weeks.

All the vinegars should be carefully labelled and kept in a cool place.

The following is an excellent French mustard, which may be bottled and will keep indefinitely.

FRENCH MUSTARD.

Take a pint of vinegar and add to it three lumps of sugar and a carefully prepared spice bag. Let boil three minutes then remove the spice bag. Have one box of good dry mustard mixed to a very stiff paste with a little cold vinegar. Wash and heat an iron poker red hot, then pour the boiling vinegar into the mustard, stirring vigorously with the hot poker until it is perfectly smooth. Put in wide-mouthed bottles, cork securely and it is ready for use.

OLD ENGLISH PICKLE.

Chop fine eight ounces each of onions, red peppers and pared tart apples and place them in a crock. Boil for five minutes one pint of white wine vinegar, adding to it a dessert spoon of salt, then turn it over the pickle. When it has stood for twenty-four hours it may be bottled into small jars, to be opened as needed.

QUICK PICKLES.

Take one hundred gherkin-sized cucumbers, wash thoroughly and pack in a crock with a handful of salt and enough cold water to cover, holding them down with a weighted plate. Let stand for thirty-six hours, then remove and wash entirely free of the salt and repack in a fresh crock. Boil two quarts of vinegar for five minutes with a small spice bag, then pour it over the pickles. Cover and let stand for three days and they will be ready for use. Leave a long string on the spice bag and draw it out in a week or ten days—before it grows slimy.

SPANISH PICKLE.

Chop finely thirty ripe tomatoes, twenty onions, ten green peppers and one bunch of celery. Add two and a half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of salt, one level tablespoon each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mace. Add three quarts of vinegar and let all come slowly to boiling point. Stir often and let the mixture boil from two to three hours until it is dark brown in color and heavy to stir. When cold it may be stowed away in a crock or in jars. This is excellent with cold meats and keeps well.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.

This recipe is for seven pounds of peaches. Boil one quart of vinegar with three and a quarter pounds of sugar and two ounces each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon. When it has boiled five minutes add the peaches, that have been carefully washed and wiped, and let boil slowly, until they may easily be pierced with a straw. Remove the peaches and stew down the syrup to nearly one-half, then put in the fruit again and let all heat through, but without cooking. Turn into a stone crock. Cover down when cold.

TESTED AND ENDORSED RECIPES

These Contributed Recipes Have All Been Tested and Approved by the Cooking Expert of The Tribune Institute. We Pay the Contributors $1 for Each Recipe That Is Printed.

NUT BREAD.

2½ cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
½ cup sugar.
1 egg beaten light.
1 cup milk.
¾ cup chopped walnuts.
½ teaspoon salt.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients twice, then add milk, egg and nuts. Bake in bread tins for one-half to three-fourths of an hour. This is quickly and easily made, and never fails to come out well.—E. E., Massachusetts.

This recipe makes one moderate size loaf of nut bread. Being sweet, it is best for afternoon tea or a picnic lunch. A delicious sandwich may be made by spreading it thinly with cream cheese.—Ed.

CLOVER LEAF SALAD.

This salad is so named because of its arrangement, which resembles the three leaves of a clover.

Cut the stem end and remove the seeds from a sweet green pepper. Stuff it tightly with a mixture of cream cheese and chopped nuts, moistened with a little mayonnaise dressing. The filling should be pushed carefully to the extreme end of the pepper without breaking the skin. Set on ice to chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, arrange three crisp, round lettuce leaves on each plate. Upon these place three slices of firm, ripe tomatoes, and upon these again thin, round slices of the stuffed pepper. A little heap of mayonnaise dressing is piled in the centre where the three leaves touch.—E. E. B., Connecticut.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE.

1 cup sugar.
2 eggs.
½ cup butter.
½ cup milk.
1½ cups flour.
1 teaspoon baking powder, salt, vanilla.

Beat sugar and eggs together; add softened butter and beat well. (Do not melt butter.) Then add milk, flour and baking powder. Bake in two square tins, and make filling as follows:

Boil one large cup sugar and one-half cup water until it threads. Stir this into the beaten white of an egg. When cool and thick enough to spread easily, put it between the cakes and on top. Then melt one large square of chocolate and spread on top of the marshmallow frosting.—E. E., Massachusetts.

RICE MUFFINS.

1 cup cold boiled rice.
1 cup sweet milk.
1 pint sifted flour.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon sugar.
½ teaspoon salt.
1 egg.

Mix in the order given. Bake in muffin rings.—A. E. P., Washington.